

Livingston Perfection—1st, H. C. Sherman;
2d, J. C. Manchester.
Canada Victor—1st, W. B. Anthony.

(Continued on Page 3)

SWEET REVENGE

BY
CAPTAIN F. A. MITCHEL,
Author of "Chittanooga," "Chickamauga," etc.

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CHAPTER XV.

AFTER this second defeat we could see the guerrillas gathered in a knot, evidently discussing the situation. They talked so loud that we could often catch a word, and their gesticulations were plain to all. At last the captain took a white handkerchief from his pocket, fixed it to a stick and, holding it over his head, advanced toward us.

"A flag of truce!" we all exclaimed together.

"He's going to offer us something to eat!" cried Jack. "I knew he wouldn't let us starve!"

I stepped over the breastworks to go and meet the bearer of the flag. Buck called out:

"Tell him I'll take some fried chicken for mine!"

I met the captain at the spot where we had built our fire. His arm was in a sling, and he was very pale. Something told me that he did not relish the work in which he was engaged.

"I've come to tell you," he said, "that if you'll surrender the rest of your people can go."

"What assurance have I that you will keep the terms?"

"The word of a"—He stopped. I saw that habit had led him to use an expression common among gentlemen in the south, but the word had stuck in his throat.

"Captain," I said, "you are a better man than the company you keep. Satisfy me that the women, the boy and the negro shall go free, and you are welcome to me."

"The men are divided about the women," he replied, lowering his voice.

"Which party holds the balance of power?"

"It's hard to tell."

"Then we have no assurance that if we surrender you can keep your promise to let them go unharmed?"

"There's no telling. Before you escape and the killing you'll have been doing I could have fixed it, but the men are exasperated at the damage you've done."

"Can't you be blind and let us out tonight?"

"No; I've lost more control of my men within the last few days than all the time I've commanded them. If they say the slightest move on my part to let you slip, they'll shoot me, and you would never get out alive either. I can't stand here talking any longer. They'll suspect something. What's your answer?"

I turned the matter quickly over in my mind.

"Captain," I said, "I will transmit your proposition. If your terms are accepted, I will go down to your camp, and my friends will follow. If they are not accepted, we will wait to you. In this event you will know that these noble girls, this brave boy, this faithful negro, prefer to take their chances with me."

Both of us turned without another word, and in a few minutes the captain was with his men and I had joined my little unit starved army. I was relieved with eager, questioning looks.

"He has made a proposition," I said. "I will give it to you with the information that goes with it. If we will surrender, he promises that all shall go free except me."

I paused a moment to watch the expression of their faces. I saw at once that they were all bitterly disappointed.

"I feel bound to state further that the captain has informed me that he cannot surely guarantee your safety, though he would if he could. He tells me that the men are divided, and he does not know himself which party is the stronger. You are not sure of safety, but you have a chance, whereas if we are taken by force the chances are all against you. Before giving my

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your sacrifice. The guerrillas, having secured me, will doubtless quarrel about you, and the captain and those who are with him may find an opportunity to let you get away under cover of the night.

"No, no!" cried all. "We'll stand together."

"How were you to reply?" asked Helen.

"If the terms were accepted, we were to go down; if rejected, we were to wait."

Helen took off her cheek bonnet and, tying it to a carbine, stood up on the rocks and waved it to the guerrillas, who were standing below watching for our signal, while our little command gave us lusty a cheer as their exhausted condition would admit.

But the real heroism was yet to come. I had seen evidence that the woman wing of my army was not to be appalled at any proposition, but it was impossible that I could be prepared for what was to follow. I have sometimes wondered if it was not rather an examination of genius than heroism, but have invariably concluded that it was the genius of heroism.

The first flush of excitement at the rejection of the terms being over, Jack began to show signs of irritation, a condition I attributed to the gnawing pains of hunger. She shook her fist at the guerrillas, vowing that if she could ever get her papa again he should scour the country till he had captured every one of them, and when captured she would herself take unexpressed pleasure in making targets of them for pistol practice. Then she would call to them for something to eat. They were too far to hear her, and of course her request would not have been granted if they had. "Captain, good captain, dear captain," she cried, "do let us out of this! That's a dear boy!" Then she turned to Miss Stanforth. "Helen, what in the world did we come on such an errand as this for? Why didn't we send the soldiers?"

"Jack," said Helen, "I'm sorry you regret it. I don't. I never regret."

"You're showing the white feather," said Buck.

Jack's eyes glistened with anger. "The white feather! What do you mean, you little pest? White feather! I'm not afraid of all the guerrillas in Christendom. They won't hurt me. I'm going down there to ask 'em all for something to eat. I'll get 'em all off. White feather! I'll show you!"

She sprang upon the rampart, but I caught her and dragged her back.

"Let me go!" she screamed.

"Didn't I tell you Missy Jack had the biggest temper in de south?" cried Ginger proudly.

"Let her go," said Helen, "and I'll go with her. If those guerrillas who are disposed to protect us can do so, they will succeed as well without you as with you. Indeed, your presence will only tend to irritate them. Come, Jack, we'll try it."

I stood agape at such a plan. I forbade it. The girls were determined. I begged, ordered, stormed at them, declaring that for every step they took toward that den of hellhounds I would take two. At last Helen laid her hand on my sleeve and looked me calmly in the eye.

"Major Branderstone, I want you to let me have my way in this matter. You owe it to me. When you were wounded, I took you in and succeeded. I have obeyed your every order. Jack has flashed unknowingly, unintentionally, a stroke of genius. Jack is a genius. She has hit on our only chance. She has fascinated the guerrillas once, and she'll do it again. She will split them in halves and set one half against the other. But she will need me. Give me that revolver."

All this was lost on me. I swore they should not go. I planted myself between them and the rampart. Helen stepped to one side of me. Jack darted to the other. Ginger put his hand on my arm.

"Don't stop Missy Jack, wass!" Missy Jack can do eberyting wid men folks." He turned my face to the cliff. "Look dat a-way, an' you won't see hit."

When I broke from the old man, Helen and Jack were beyond the rampart.

I have seen lifeboat men pull out in a tempestuous sea, breasting a howling wind and madly tossing billows; I have seen men march out to battle with almost a certainty of death or mutilation, but I have never looked upon any sight with the mingled terror and admiration that thrilled me as I beheld these two girls, without other weapon than woman's loveliness, descend the rocky slope toward the guerrilla camp. They moved hand in hand, as I have seen graceful ships sail side by side. Helen was the taller and the more commanding, but both walked erect. Helen buoyed by a native courage, Jaqueline confident in the possession of a gift, a genius for bending men to her will.

They had scarcely left us when the guerrillas caught sight of them and stood looking up in stupid wonder. Ginger, Buck and I were staring down upon them. Ginger's eyes starting out of his head, Buck leaning excitedly over the rampart, I clutching my carbine. On went the girls, between the flanking rocks, out upon a gentle swell, through a slight depression, over stumps, weeds, brambles, till at last they came within 50 yards of the guerrilla camp. Then came a cheer from the bandits—I knew not whether of triumph or welcome—and the girls entered the camp.

What they said, what was said to them, I could not hear. I could only see. Captain Ringold raised his hat and stood with it in his hand. He was evidently speaking, for the men gathered around, and all seemed to be intent on him and the girls. Then I saw Helen step a little to the front, and all faces were turned to her. Occasionally she made a gesture, now turning the finger of scorn at the guerrillas, as though to shame them or to influence whatever of manliness there might be in them. She was making them a long speech. At least, it seemed so to me, who could see, but not hear. At last there was a cheer. The conference was ended.

Then the little actress, Jaqueline, was evidently using her art. She would whisk up to one of the men, stand before him in a favorite position of hers, bend slightly forward, and shake her hair in his face. All the men stood

watching her. Occasionally there came a burst of laughter, a yell of applause, a clapping of hands, and I knew that Jack was carrying her audience.

Then I could see the figures below beginning to busy themselves about preparations for supper. Helen and Jack took hold as they had done once before, the men permitting them to do the work.

Buck, beside me, chuckled. "What is it, Buck?"

"That consarned Jack's goin' round with the skillet in one han' an' a chawin' somethin' she's got in the other. Wish I was thar."

When supper was served, each man vied with the others to provide for their guests. Jack was seated on the ground, her back resting against a tree, a plate in her lap, a tin cup at her side, evidently making a hearty supper, keeping the men running back and forth from the fire, filling her plate or her cup at every trip.

After supper we could see that the conference was resumed between Helen and the guerrillas. She was evidently arguing with them to effect a purpose. The captain had a good deal to say, but all were taking part in the debate. Then the girls started for our fort. One of the men approached the captain and took a list in his face. The captain knocked him down. Another started after the retreating party, but was intercepted. A general fight ensued, some of the men placing themselves between the others and the girls, who were now coming up the hill, questioning their pace at every step. Cooking my carbine, I ran down to join the girls, meeting them midway between the fort and the guerrilla camp. First Jack came dashing past me, wild with terror, her cheeks blanched, her eyes staring. Helen came on more slowly, turning occasionally with hot cheeks and flashing eyes. Below, among the guerrillas, was a babel—screaming, howling and shooting—the protecting party being the stronger and keeping the others at bay. I put my arm behind Helen and hurried her up the steep slope. When we got to the fort, Jack was already there, crouching behind the rampart, her head appearing above it, her eyes as big as saucers.

"Goodly gracious, what a fool I was to go down there! Wouldn't do it again for anything!"

Helen gave me a hurried account of the visit. On entering the camp the captain had complimented them upon their bravery, both in the fights that had occurred and in coming out unarmed, assuring them, looking ominously at some of the more outcast of his men, that if any man offered them the slightest indignity he would shoot him on the spot. Helen had replied that, whatever they were, she believed they were brave and above injuring a woman. Then she held up to them the magnitude of their crimes and bade them go and enlist in the Confederate army. She succeeded in getting an offer of a free conduct to all save me. This they persistently refused. After much urging the captain agreed that we should be let alone till the next morning, a promise on which I placed no reliance. Helen begged to be permitted to carry me provisions. This was also refused.

"I did all I could," she said ruefully, "but I couldn't move even the captain. They wouldn't give me a morsel for you."

"Oh, Helen," said Jack, "I'm tired of hearing you whine!" And, taking off her sunbonnet, she rolled a liberal supply of corn pone and salt pork.

"You little thief!" cried Helen and threw her arms around her cousin.

A second time my life had been saved, at least temporarily, by Jaqueline.

CHAPTER XVI.

A BUOLE CALL.

THE night passed without an attack. I prepared a fire as before, but it was not needed. Day dawned, and we could see that the guerrillas had made themselves more comfortable, having constructed a rude hut of boughs for shelter, showing conclusively that they intended to wait patiently for the starving process to do its work.

During the day the remnant of the provisions Jack had purloined was consumed and the command was supperless. Again we entered upon a long, weary night. All except myself were so worn that they evinced little care for watching. They were getting benumbed, a condition which comes at last over one hunted for his life. As for me, my position was harrowing. My devoted friends who had made the attempt to rescue me were starving, and, to crown all, Helen Stanforth, who had instigated the attempt, had planned it and had led the others into it. It was decided as to my true character. I brooded over the situation till I was well nigh insane. Then I made a resolve—a resolve that might free the others, but would end in my death. I would go down to the guerrillas and give myself up. It was possible that my case having been disposed of, Captain Ringold and his adherents would be able to protect the girls, and, Buck and Ginger being of no moment to the band, all might go in peace.

But there was an obstacle in the way that I knew would not be easily over-



I hurried her up the steep slope.

come—the opposition of all my friends. It was hard for me to go down to my death. How could I bring myself to do so with all these beloved ones endeavoring to prevent me! There was one way by which I might render them less averse to the plan. By procuring this military mission which had taken me to Alabama I might render myself an object of hatred and contempt. Despite the pain this confession would cost me, I resolved to make it.

At the moment I took my resolution I looked up at Helen, who was always my first object of thought before any important move. She was leaning over the battlement looking down upon the guerrillas. In her face was a strength, an honesty such as I had never seen before on that of any woman. My resolve dimmed before that heroic countenance. I could not turn her sublime faith to me to detestation.

However, my purpose to end the struggle by my own surrender was unchanged. Rising, I called out in a tone which at once attracted attention and denoted that I had something of importance to say.

"Dear friends!"

All looked at me inquiringly.

"I am going down there to give myself up. Then you can go free."

Helen's gaze bespoke not only her astonishment, but dismay.

"What you going to do that for?" asked Jack quickly.

"Because I owe it to you all to do so."

"You're goin' with you," said Buck. "You will do no such thing. You must stand by your sister and cousin."

"What do you want to leave us in the lurch for?" said Jack impatiently.

This impudent motive brought a fresh addition to my distress. Even with a perfect understanding between me and the others my burden was hard enough to bear. Jack's taunt well nigh turned the scale. Bending to the cliff, I buried my face in my hands. A soft hand was laid on mine. Helen was endeavoring to uncover my face. I turned and met her gaze—strong, tender, sympathetic.

"Your life is not yours to surrender. You must wait till it is forced from you."

"I would be unworthy of your sublime devotion should I accept any further sacrifice, especially since it can be of no avail."

"By giving up now you would turn all our efforts to nothing. We shall have made a failure that will remain an eternal burden."

"It will be light compared with my self condemnation when I see you die with me."

By this time Jack had seized my other hand with both of hers.

"You can't go. You mustn't think of it. What would we do without you?"

"Cease trying to make a coward of me," I cried, "or I shall go mad!"

I sprang toward the rampart.

"Stop!" cried Helen imperatively. "I own your life to dispose of as I will—and Jack. Had it not been for me you would have died to death when you received your wound. Had it not been for Jack you would have already been murdered by the guerrillas."

"Yes, and I am not so base as to pull my benefactors down with me. Stand aside!"

"Hark!"

Jack spoke the word in her quick way, pointing her head on one side to listen. She had heard a low whistle. In another moment it was repeated, seeming to come from below, where we had built our fort. A figure was advancing through the gloom, holding aloft a white handkerchief. I jumped from the rampart and ran down to meet this "flag," which I soon saw was borne by Captain Ringold.

"What do you want?"

"Don't let your women come into our camp, again. Jinxco is back, and he and Halliday have got the upper hand. I'm powerless."

"Will your men let the women go if I give myself up?"

"No; stay with them to the last."

"One word more."

"There's no time. I have stolen away, and if I am missed and it's known where I have been I'll be a dead man."

He was gone before the last word was spoken. I returned to the fortress.

"What is it?" cried Jack expectantly.

"He has lost the power to protect you. He advises me to stay with you to the last."

"Will you?"

"Yes," I replied, with a sigh.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Helen.

Another night of horror; a rising sun, flooding the face of the rocks and our own faces with a ruddy glow. A more wretched lot of beings could not be found among castaways at sea. We had not slept during the night, for whatever of rest had come to any of us had been rather stupor than sleep. Our cheeks were sunken; our eyes, deep in their sockets, were turned toward the red orb of day, which to our fevered imaginations seemed to be advancing to strike the final blow.

A great change had come over us during the night. Jack alternated between bursts of passion and a dull may care spirit, sprinkled with humorous sallies between tears and smiles, which served to lighten momentarily the gloom for the others, but only rendered me more wretched; Buck craved food more than all the rest and after a few vain efforts to appear unconcerned took on a ghastly look that cut me to the heart; Ginger spent a great deal of his time in prayer; Helen seemed calm, yet I noticed a strange look in her eye. Up to this terrible morning she had been the majesty of the party. Under the strain that smoldering fire which burned within her dashed ominously. Turning to me, she asked harshly:

"Are you a Confederate or are you a Yankee?"

"What matters it now?"

"I came to save you, understanding you to be a Confederate."

"Would you abandon me now if you knew me to be a Union man?"

She turned away, and I saw that she was weeping. I put my arm about her and drew her head down on my breast. There she wept long and silently. Whether she was unconscious of what she did or whether her sufferings made her careless I did not know, but as I

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William McKinley.

His Career and His Remarkable Personality.

William McKinley, the twenty-fifth President of the United States, and the third to fall by the hand of an assassin, was a conspicuous figure in the politics of this country for more than twenty-five years. He has been called a "typical" American, and he was certainly a representative one. In the usual acceptance of the term, he was a self-made man; which means that he owed his success in life to his own exertions rather than to any outside assistance.

His parents were of Scotch-Irish extraction. He inherited strength of body and mind from his father, who died about ten years ago at the age of eighty-five. The elder William McKinley was one of the pioneers of the Western Reserve in Ohio, a section of country which has produced a great many public men, among them being Garfield, Hayes, Thomas Corwin, Judge Thurman, and Ben Wade.

During the last twenty-five years Mr. McKinley had seen many ups and downs in politics, and more than once his enemies—those who had enemies—predicted his complete downfall. Twice, in particular, they were confident that he would never again be heard of in national politics. The first of these occasions was in 1850, after the passage of the famous tariff law which bore his name. In the next elections, the Republican party was overwhelmingly defeated throughout the country. The Democrats elected more than a two-thirds majority in the lower house of Congress, secured control of the Senate, and of most of the Legislatures, even in States hitherto regarded as Republican strongholds. McKinley himself could not be saved from the wreck. He lost his Congressional district by a small majority, and many of his friends were doubtful whether he would ever again appear as a living force in the political arena. And yet, in the following year he was nominated and elected Governor of Ohio by a substantial majority, and two years later he was re-elected by a still more emphatic vote.

Mr. McKinley's critics read his political obsequies for a second time at the Minneapolis convention of 1892. He was there as a delegate at large from Ohio, instructed to support Benjamin Harrison for a renomination. Under the leadership of Mr. Foraker, now a United States Senator from Ohio, his State's delegation was induced to support McKinley for President. Foraker was not recognized at that time as a friend or political ally of McKinley. The move was made, so it is claimed, to disrupt the Harrison forces and prevent their candidate's renomination, and incidentally to discredit Mr. McKinley in the eyes of the public as a man lacking in honor. As the chairman of the convention, the latter was placed in a very trying and embarrassing position by this flank movement. He did everything he could to keep his name from going before the convention, but upon the roll call he was the only man in the Ohio delegation who voted for Harrison. Of his State's forty-six votes, forty-five were cast for McKinley.

It is said that General Harrison himself did not fully understand Mr. McKinley's attitude at the Minneapolis convention. He believed, it has been stated, that if the Ohioan had been absolutely loyal, the movement to nominate him could never have obtained any headway. Mr. McKinley, however, never attempted or offered any explanation of his course to General Harrison, and for some time the relations of the two men were somewhat strained, to use a polite phrase. After Harrison's defeat at the polls in November, 1892, a number of prominent Republicans met in New York and discussed the future of their party. Most of them expressed the opinion that the result of the election had put an end forever to McKinley and McKinleyism; but subsequent events demonstrated how that prophetic, particularly political prophets, are very often mistaken. Less than four years later, the man from Canton was nominated for the Presidency against the combined opposition of half a dozen rival candidates and the united efforts of the leading "bosses" of the Republican organization.

Much of the credit of his success has been given to Mark A. Hanna, of Cleveland, the present chairman of the Republican national committee, and a life-long friend of Mr. McKinley. Mr. Hanna was undoubtedly influential in securing the nomination, but there can be little doubt that the decisive factor in the situation was the overwhelming desire on the part of the rank and file of his party to have McKinley for their standard bearer.

Mr. McKinley's early education was obtained in a Methodist academy in the small village of Poland, Ohio. Poland at that time contained a population of between three and four hundred and it has not grown since. It has never had a railroad. Forty years ago it contained a Presbyterian and a Methodist academy, besides a law college, which made it quite a seat of learning. When the war broke out, McKinley was seventeen, and did not even look his age. He was teaching school, and earning twenty-five dollars a month. As soon as Fort Sumter was fired upon, he joined a company formed at Poland, which was inspected and mustered in by General John C. Fremont. General Fremont at first objected to passing young McKinley; but after perceiving his chest and looking squarely into his eyes he concluded that the lad was fit to be a soldier. His first service was in the Twenty-third Ohio, and he remained with that regiment throughout the war. He was promoted from sergeant to captain for gallantry on the field, and at the close of the war he was brevetted major for meritorious services.

After leaving the army, Mr. McKinley took up the study of law, was admitted to the bar, and in 1893 was elected prosecuting attorney of his county, although it was normally a Democratic district. It is related that when he reached Washington as a member-elect, he called on President Hayes and sought advice in the matter of shaping his career. Hayes is reported to have said: "To achieve success and fame, you must pursue a special line. You must not make a speech on every motion offered, or every bill introduced. You must confine yourself to one thing; become a specialist. Take up some particular branch of legislation, and make that your study. Why not choose the tariff?"

President Hayes may have said this, and he may not; but at all events, McKinley decided, very early in his public service, to become a specialist; and to make the tariff his specialty. Long before he became chairman of the way and means committee, and framed the McKinley tariff law, he was recognized as an authority upon the question of import duties.

As President, Mr. McKinley won the respect, admiration and esteem of the country to an extent second only to that won perhaps by Lincoln and Washington. His administration encountered difficulties and perplexities which even the two great Presidents named did not meet. He conducted the country through a period of trying war with success and honor. He assumed the high office of the Presidency at the time when the nation's credit and resources were at the lowest ebb and inaugurated a period of prosperity such as was never before known. From a time of uncertainty and business depression he directed the legislation that assisted in bringing about an immediate revival of public confidence and consequent business prosperity.

During the progress of the negotiations that preceded the war with Spain, Mr. McKinley, more than any other man in the government, used every effort consistent with national honor to avert a war. Yet when the period of diplomacy was passed he turned his efforts to prosecuting the hostilities to a successful conclusion. During the war the finances of the country were still in a prosperous condition. That he had the confidence of the nation was evidenced by the vote of Congress placing at his disposal to use as he thought fit the sum of fifty thousand dollars for the national defense.

There have been few Presidents who have been held in greater esteem by the people at large than William McKinley. A plain man himself he understood the feelings of a plain people. Simple in his tastes, unostentatious in display, unassuming and easily approachable, he was the man of the people. He was beloved by all with whom he came in contact regardless of political parties. Of him it may be said in simplicity and without exaggeration that he was one of the truly great men whom this country has produced.

Mr. McKinley was married about thirty years ago. Mrs. McKinley was Miss Ida Saxton, the daughter of a banker in Canton. She and her husband had been playmates, sweethearts, and lovers from early childhood. The President's devotion to his wife has often been commented on. It is most touching and beautiful. Since the birth of two children, a good many years ago, Mrs. McKinley has been almost a confirmed invalid; yet, notwithstanding her poor health, she not only cheered and brightened her husband's life, but rendered him a great deal of assistance in his public career. Their children died in infancy.

The following remark, made several years before Mr. McKinley's death by a friend of long standing, is perhaps the best eulogy that can be pronounced:

"Quiet, dignified, modest, considerate of others; ever mindful of the long service of the veterans of his party; true as steel to his friends; unhesitating at the call of duty, no matter what the personal sacrifice; unwavering in his integrity, full of tact in overruling opposition, yet unyielding on vital principles; with a heart full of sympathy for those who toil, a disposition unspoil by success, and a private life equally spotless and self-sacrificing, William McKinley, Ohio's favorite son, stands before the American people to-day as one of the finest types of courage, perseverance, vigor, and developing manhood that this republic has ever produced. More than any other President since Lincoln, perhaps, he is in touch with those whom Abraham Lincoln loved to call the plain people of this country."

Hodge, the Single Minded.

An election petition was being tried, and a witness was called to prove "bribery."

"One of the gentlemen says to me, 'Hodge, you must vote for the Tories,'"

said the witness.

"And what did you answer to that?"

asked the counsel.

"Well," says I, "How much?"

"And what did the agent say?"

"He didn't say nothing. The other gentleman comes to me and says, 'You must vote for the Liberals, Hodge.'"

"And what did you answer?"

"I said, 'How much? So he asks me what other gentlemen offered me, and I told him 5 shillings.'"

"And what did the Liberal agent do?"

"He gave me 10 shillings."

Counsel sits down triumphant, and up starts the other side.

"Did you vote for the Liberals?"

"No."

"Did you vote for the Tories?"

"No. I ain't got a vote!"—Spare Moments.

Reassured.

They had been married seven years. The doctor had been called in and pronounced him a very sick man. As his wife entered the room after the doctor's last visit he called her to his bedside, and in a tremulous voice he remarked:

"Darling, I am going."

Leaving over him, she stroked his head gently and reminiscently replied: "Cheer up, Clarence! That remark assures me that you will live. Don't you remember how often you said that during our courting days and how persistently you didn't go?"—Boston Courier.

He Didn't Complain.

Young Wife. "This talk about men being so impatient when a woman is getting ready to go anywhere is all nonsense."

Friend. "Doesn't your husband complain at all?"

Young Wife. "No, indeed! Why last evening I couldn't find my gloves, and had a long hunt for half a dozen other things; and yet, when I was finally dressed, and went downstairs to my husband, there he was by the fire, reading and smoking as calmly as if it wasn't half an hour late."

Friend. "Well, I declare! Where were you going?"

Young Wife. "To prayer meeting."

—New York Weekly.

Willie's Idea.

"Isn't it awful how thin Mr. Henpeck is now?" remarked Mrs. Gabbie to her husband. "And he used to be so stout."

"Perhaps," chimed in little Willie, remembering his trouble with his bicycle tires—"perhaps his wife forgets to blow him up regular, like you said she used to."—Philadelphia Press.

Very Aggravating.

Wife. "O doctor! will John pull through?" Doctor. "Can't say, ma'am. The crisis will not arrive for at least a week."

Wife. "O dear! And that bargain sale of mourning goods ends tomorrow!"

SWEET REVENGE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.)

felt her heart beating against mine I was conscious of the birth of a new love.

As the sun rose higher it beat down upon us with all the enervating heat of an unseasonable day. The water dripping back of us alone sustained and refreshed us. One by one we would go to the cliff and, standing under the cooling drops, receive them in our mouths. We envied the birds the food they bore to their nests and the freedom of those soaring far above in the blustery ocean of air. Why could we not be given wings to fly from our rocky prison? The wrecked are prone to dwell on hallucinations. So to us came sounds denoting the approach of rescuers. One would hear the tramp of armed men. Another would see the white covers of a wagon train. All day we were tortured by these fancies till at last I ceased to pay any attention to them.

"I hear horses' hoofs," said Buck.

"Oh, no, you don't, Buck," I said, laying my hand on his head.

"I tell you I do."

"Listen," said Helen.

"We all listened, but so far as I was concerned there was no unusual sound."

"I hear them, too," said Jack.

"It was singular that those two should agree. I looked anxiously at Helen."

My hearing was not especially acute. If Helen had heard, I might have thought there was something to hear. She listened a long while, but no sound came to her.

"It's gone," said Buck.

"So it is," said Jack. "I heard it; I know I did."

I turned away. It was plain to me that they had been tortured by another hallucination. Neither Buck nor Jack heard anything more, and the incident was soon forgotten, at least by Helen and by me, who had heard nothing.

We all relapsed into that dreadful waiting—waiting for the time when the fear of death would be overcome by the pangs of starvation. Helen suddenly looked at me, that dangerous light which I had seen before in her eyes.

"Your enemy?" she asked.

"What enemy?"

"The one you came to Alabama to kill."

"I shall never kill him now."

"Do you mean that you abandon your revenge?" She spoke contemptuously.

"With death staring me, staring you and the others in the face—who have wrecked yourselves in a vain attempt to save me—my private griefs sink to nothingness."

"You must be revenged." She spoke as if it were she and not I who was to be the avenger.

"I remember. You were to help me."

"I will help you."

"There is no need. We are doomed."

"We shall live, and you will meet him."

"And then?"

"You will kill him."

"My poor girl, think no more of that. Let us fix our minds on gentler things; let us hope for some escape from this dreadful fate."

She sat down on the bare rock, I beside her. We both looked out upon the setting sun, doting the mountains with ominous evening stains, like those I had seen on the evening I reached the guerrilla band. Jack was sitting holding her knees, rocking back and forth; Buck was lying on his back with his eyes shut; Glinger had finished a prayer and was rising from his knees. Suddenly the whole command started up as if touched by a current of vitality. There came out on the still mountains all the clear tones of a bugle.

There was no hallucination about this sound. Each note cut the air with semicircular sharpness. To our ears, whetted as they were for some tidings of relief, it was like trumpet tones from heaven. It echoed and re-echoed through the mountains, each echo fainter than the last, dying softly in the far distance.

Shading my eyes with my hand, peering down toward the road, I saw through a small opening in the trees files of cavalry passing by fours. They were too far for me to distinguish whether they wore the blue or the gray, but it made no difference, either side would be welcome. Seizing a carbine, I pointed it at the sky and fired.

The bugle and my shot produced a magical effect on the guerrillas. Without waiting to gather anything but

Glinger gathered her limp body in his arms and carried her on.

their arms, every man of them darted away into the woods. They knew well what would be their fate should we open communication with the cavalry.

"Not a moment is to be lost," I cried to my command. "That bugle call was an order to halt. We must catch the soldiers before they start again."

Gathering the guns and putting half a dozen cartridges that remained in my pocket, we all left the fort that had served us so well and started down the declivity. Without the inspiration of those bugle notes we could scarcely have crawled away. Now we not only walked, but walked rapidly. Once past the flanking rocks we turned to the left, skirted the base of the hill and made straight for the road. I led, and so great was my anxiety to get the others forward that I was constantly

getting ahead of them. I saw that Buck was lagging, and I started back to help him when Helen stooped, took him up in her arms and threw him over her shoulder. He kicked so vigorously at this indignity that Helen put him down, and his fury lending him strength, he at once took the lead beside me. We hurried on, now and again looking back to make sure that we were not followed, climbing over rocks, through ravines, around projecting points, I directing the course toward the spot where I had seen the passing troops. We had traversed half the distance when there came another bugle call. It was the order "Forward!"

I could not repress an exclamation of chagrin. I knew the guerrillas heard all we heard, and this last bugle order would probably arrest their flight and bring them back after us.

"Come!" I cried. "We are still in luck!"

I dashed on for a short distance, then turned and cast a glance behind me. Helen was marching bravely. Jack was staggering. As I passed she pitched forward and fell. Before I could reach her Glinger had picked her up and, gathering her limp body in his arms, her head resting on his shoulder, carried her on. The burden, so precious to the faithful old slave, seemed to give him fresh courage, and he pushed on, though with tottering steps.

"I'll relieve you presently, Glinger," I said. "Hold out as long as you can."

We came to a depression, in the center of which ran a mountain stream. The descent and ascent on the opposite side were both rocky and covered with a thick growth of low timber and difficult to pass. I glanced hastily to the right and to the left, but, seeing no better passage, plunged down the declivity. Buck was now sticking to me like a leech, Helen was just behind, while a hundred yards back Glinger staggered along with Jack. I waited a moment for him to come up and then led the way into the ravine, intending to take his burden from him when we had passed the stream. Once at the creek, we waded across. In the middle Glinger stumbled and dumped his burden into the water.

The effect on Jack was marvelous. The cold water brought a reaction which, if not pleasing, was at least beneficial. She flew into a towering passion at Glinger for dropping her and when I attempted to take her up, gave me a box on the ear that made it tingle. Dripping, she dashed up the rise in the ground, storming as she went, and gained the summit before the rest.

Pushing through a level wooded space, we soon came to the road. A bugle ahead sounded the order to trot. Scarcely had its echoes died away when from the direction of the outlaws' deserted camp came a shrill whistle.

"The guerrillas!" I cried. "It is now a race between life and death!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Her Theory.

Mrs. Mild. You seem to differ from the usual idea about coddling a man to win his consent. According to your theory, scolding is the best medium for winning satisfactory results.

Mrs. Wild. That, my dear, is in accord with one of the laws of nature. Everything has got to be blown up before it will come down.—Richmond Dispatch.

Tergiversation.

Townie. "Isn't he the most tiresome talker you ever heard?"

Brownie. "Yes, he reminds me of a woman sharpening a pencil."

Townie. "Sets your nerves on edge, eh?"

Brownie. "Not only that, but it takes him so long to get to the point."—Philadelphia Press.

An Odd Expression.

To Lord Mansfield, the celebrated English judge, is attributed the expression, "Let justice be done, though the heavens should fall." It really first appeared in Luther's "Table Talk," while Luther in turn found it in one of the Latin authors.

His Sympathy Aroused.

She met him at the door, all breathless with excitement.

"John," she cried, "baby's cut a tooth."

"Poor little fellow!" he returned commiseratingly. "Is it a bad cut?"—Chicago Post.

Estimates.

"How beautifully your daughter plays the piano," said the caller.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Cumrox. "But that isn't her best piece. She only had three lessons on that at five dollars each. She knows another piece that cost at least eighty-five dollars."—Washington Star.

A Big Shadow.

We are told that the "smallest hair throws a shadow." And so it does. It throws a shadow over your appetite when you find it in your food.—Exchange.

Had Heard Them All.

Mrs. Hennyneck (in the midst of her reading)—Here is an item, which says that there are more than 250,000 words in the English language.

Mr. Hennyneck. Yes, my dear; so I've heard.—Puck.

His Record as an Abstinence.

She. Are you a total abstainer, Colonel Blue Grass?

He. Yes, ma'am. I haven't touched water for 40 years.—Chicago News.

A Chinese philosopher says there is an ounce of wisdom at the root of every gray hair.

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REMEMBERING THE DEAD.

On the other side of the stream
That flows by this earthly shore,
I know that our loved ones love us still,
Just as they loved of yore.

They enter us in their thoughts,
They speak to us when they meet,
And ever and ever the truth of old
Shines with their words and sweet.

O patient and constant dead,
Whom we cannot see but feel,
Who leave away from our lonely thoughts
As the stars fade out of the sky!

We put them so far away,
We hide them so deep with God,
We think of them much to the far-
thest part.

As soon as they're under the sod,
Ah, me! it is plain to see,
Dear fathers, mothers and dear,
How we miss them and we will not heart.

O, friends, when our painted dead
Lies away from our lonely thoughts,
They are not far, to a foreign land,
They dwell in your heart and mine.

A land that is not a land,
No element sweep away,
The dear long home of immortal love,
God's country and ours for aye!

So draw them closer here,
As of old time, hold them in hand,
God grant us all to walk through life
And death.

In love's immortal land,
—James Buchanan, in Congressionalist.

Friends Ever.

BY H. K. HELLER.

They had been friends from boy-
hood, and possessed the same
tastes and inclinations concerning
both play and study. When the col-
lege days dawned upon the horizon
the same old spirit of friendship
manifested itself; they chose the
same profession, medicine, and were
greater friends than ever in the close
kinship of amity.

In college they were known as "The
Twins," though they were wholly dis-
similar as to appearance, stature or
complexion. Henry Morse was short,
stoutly built, with blue eyes, cris-
p curly hair, and a mouth as
sweet and tender as a woman's.
John Findlay was tall and slender,
with dark hair and eyes—the latter
deep set and searching—and a mouth
about whose corners the lines of a
fixedness of purpose even then early
were drawn.

The college days are over, and we
find them both attached to St. Mark's
hospital, working side by side ready
for the ambulance call, to rattle away
over the pavements of the city to
administer aid to the unfortunate
bruised and broken, or we find them
together by the side of the dying,
quick to smooth the pillow or receive
the fluttering pressure of the en-
feebled fingers of the "passer on."

"This fair Canadian nurse who re-
cently came to St. Mark's seems a
self-possessed sort of person," said
Henry Morse, looking at her with his
friend as the pair passed down the
gravel walk leading to the hospital
steps. But John Findlay was not in
a communicative mood, and he did
not immediately respond. He had a
habit of pushing one end of his thin,
lanky mustache into the corner of his
mouth with his finger. He is doing
it now and it always gave the other
a chill to see him do it, for Henry
disliked habits of the sort.

All hospital grounds, flowers, walks
and embellishments in the way of
landscape gardening look stiff. They
mean to be alleviating to the ill ones,
charming to the eyes, but they never
are, for they bear too closely the
marks of precision, soldierly care;
and instead of appearing natural,
they seem surrounded with too much
red tape. Every flower, tree or shrub
growing upon hospital grounds has
the sign of the red tape drawn about
them. Even the fountain that tinkles
in the meadow, hushed air of the place
plays the rhythm of rotation upon the
conformities of the afflicted behind
those stone walls.

After the pair reached the thor-
oughfare leading to their quarters,
situated but a short distance away,
Findlay finally found his tongue, and
asked:

"Whose name did you mention?"

"Well, you must be pretty deeply in-
to it, old man. I did not mention any-
one's name," said Morse, withdrawing
his arm.

"But you were speaking of some
one as we passed through the
grounds."

"Then it has just struck you? I was
simply saying that the fair Canadian
nurse seemed to be a self-possessed
sort of person. That's all."

"By the way, she is not fair, and
how is she different from the rest,
Henry?"

"I mean by fair she is—oh, well,
charming, pleasing and pretty. She
seems to know how to do things with-
out asking. She is ready without stig-
ging. She has good nerve, too. Why,
she did up the swollen leg of that
poor fellow who was brought in day
before yesterday, before I came in a
runner to equal anything of the sort
I ever saw."

"Humph! That's what she is at St.
Mark's, for to learn how to do
things. As for beauty and all that
sort of thing, I—"

"Well, what, John?" asked the
other, as the tall, slender fellow lit-
tled his hand to apply the latch key.
The other hand was busy with the
key, and he was looking out of it out
of sight. Henry Morse gave a little
shiver of dislike, and Findlay said, as
he pushed open the door:

"She may not be charming at all
without the hospital gown. Come, let
us go to our quarters and rest."

He led the way up the wide stairs,
and the two were soon settled for the
night in their suite of rooms.

When they appeared at the hospital
the next morning they were asked to
step into the office where "Old Lee,"
the pet name bestowed by the young
fellows upon Roger Thorn, M. D., the
best surgeon in the city, was await-
ing them. Ah, many a year fellow's
death warrant had been drawn up in
that office, and many a poor fellow's
life was forfeited there.

He had been solved
thoroughly by the thick-limbed and
stoutly-built man who is sitting in
the big, leather-cushioned chair drum-
ming upon the window sill with those
long, banded fingers. "Old Lee" is
cool at all times—or at least his
fingers are—and those same fingers
have guided the keen knife with a
fleshy breadth of many a jagged
wound, or have reached for many a hid-
den ill among bone and muscle.

"Good morning, gentlemen," sit
down, I want to tell you something,"
uttered the celebrated surgeon, in his
peculiar, jerky words. After the two
were seated, he turned around square-
ly and asked:

"Either of you want to die? Ha,
ha! Good joke, that—stop! Don't
say a word until I get through. I'm
not much of a talker; I like to finish
what I've got to say before the other
chap begins, though. Some men are
born editors, and do not know what
they mean. Others acquire bravely
after much practice. Was a timid
young thing myself once. Got all
over that—with a few exceptions here
and there. The case I'll mention is
one of the exceptions. Candidly, I
am afraid of it. With people I
would have some other sort of ill if
they must be sick. This case I do not
like. It makes me think, as I said,
I'm as cowardly as a child before a
bull-dog now."

If "Old Lee" felt as he said he did,
he failed to show any signs of it in
the slightest. He looked as ready to
perform a great piece of work as he
ever did. John Findlay, who could
confide himself no longer, ventured
to say:

"Will you please enlighten us con-
cerning the case, doctor?"

"In a moment. First, you are both
sure you do not want to die?"

"You are joking, my dear sir," said
Henry Morse.

"I joking? You must be mad, sir!
I never joke. I may play jokes with
nerves, bones, muscles and such, but
what is commonly called joking—I
never indulge in the foolish practice.
No, some right down to the facts of
the case. I will simply say that I am
about to take a great, a very great
risk. I am obliged to call upon my
young men to take the same risk."

"Doctor, we are at your service,"
broke in Findlay. And Morse nodded
approvingly.

"Ah! that's the sort of spirit I like
to see in my young men," said "Old
Lee," good naturedly. Then, rising his
deep, hazel eyes upon the face of
John Findlay, raised his hand and
punctuated the air with his long fore-
finger as he spoke: "It is an easy mat-
ter, young men, to remove a limb or
sew and plaster a wound; nothing
either—in our line—in the world. But
when a surgeon takes his life in his
own hands and attempts to heal a
poor mortal of a fatal infection, and is
liable to chances against the rest, to
incur himself a fatal infection, how
about it, eh?" The sandy fringe of
hair seemed to be bristling about that
grand old head that had bent low
over many a serious case in its time.
Henry Morse began to feel as though
he was wholly ignored, for the sur-
geon kept his clear eyes fixed upon
Findlay's face. And then Henry grew
nervous as his friend began to push
that lanky slip of mustache out of sight
with his fingers.

"Well, doctor, what is the case?"
asked Findlay, without winking at
his bosom friend, who was bending
eagerly forward, with a rosy flush
spread over his fair face.

"Patient absent of the liver,"
John Findlay said, growing his must-
ache; he straightened up in his chair
and looked for a brief instance into
those clear, hazel eyes fixed upon him.
Then he rose and said, hesitatingly:

"On Thursday, I am very sorry to say
that we do not care to assist you in
the case."

"You mean yourself—not I," broke
in a sweet toned voice.

"Oh? You—why bless my stars!"
broke from the surgeon, as he gazed
at the fair speaker.

"My friend is only joking. Come,
Henry, let us go." Findlay went to
the door and laid his hand upon the
brass knob. He opened the door and
stood for a brief instant upon the
threshold, as though waiting for his
friend to depart with him. He only
sat there, smiling back at the hazel
eyes of the sandy-headed man who was
looking at him in astonishment. The
door opened and closed, and the sur-
geon of St. Mark's and the student
were alone.

"I thought he had the most nerve,"
said the surgeon.

"So did I."

"I had picked him out from among
the entire lot of young fellows to
help me in this affair. Well, I was
mistaken."

"So was I."

"And you will join me in this case,
some day?"

"With the greatest pleasure in all
the world, doctor." A pair of hands
clashed there in the little square room,
where many a life or death verdict had
been pronounced. The young men
received his instructions as to the
point of operation, and then he left
the room, went out where the flowers
panted, and where a pretty girl
dressed in the uniform of the St.
Mark's nurses stood by the side of the
thrilling fountain under the elm.

What passed between the pretty
Canadian nurse and the young medi-
cal student is of small import to us;
but a look of surprise, followed by
one of anxiety, came upon her face
when Henry Morse responded to the
question she asked. She turned her
face away from him, and looked down
at the gold-fish, darting hither and
thither in the shallow pool at her
feet. He asked her a question, but
she did not answer; she continued to
look down, draw in slightly her under-
lip, and gave a faint shiver of her
shoulders. When she lifted her face
again, he was at the gate. Then she
answered:

"He is grand, but I thought the
other was the strong, brave one of
the pair."

The day passed, and the subject of
the operation to be performed upon
the following morning was never
mentioned between the two friends.
Once, only once, Morse turned his
eyes toward the dark face bending

over a book. The thick eyes were
fixed upon the page, and the fingers
at one hand were crowding the lanky
arm out of sight. And when they
parted to retire, Henry Morse
held out his hand before going to
his chamber, saying:

"Thank, old boy. Recollect, we are
friends, ever."

"Friends, ever," echoed Findlay, as he
took the warm palm between his
dull fingers.

"Good-night, John, my friend."

"Good-night."

The dark between the long, wide,
waiting-room and the operating room
opened, and "Old Lee," leaning heav-
ily upon the arm of the fair-faced
young student, emerged from it. The
hazel eyes were not as bright as
usual, and the generally ruddy face
of the great surgeon was when. He
was helped into his office, where he
took a glass of wine, after which he
seemed to recover some of his old-thus-
situde. He left the hospital after-
wards, and beside of ten days was a
dead man. The cause of the old sur-
geon's death was pronounced to be
blood-poisoning.

Upon the evening of the day of the
surgeon's funeral, Henry Morse was
taken to St. Mark's ill, weak, nerve-
less.

"There seems to be something
wrong with the boy," said Findlay,
after his friend had been placed upon
one of the snowy cots, in a cool, quiet
room.

A white hand was laid upon the
sick man's brow. Findlay turned to
meet the calm gaze of the Canadian
nurse.

"Yes—it is now a struggle between
life and death. I pray God I will win,"
she said, softly.

"You?"

"Yes, I shall be his nurse."

"There are others who can nurse
him."

"There is no one but myself who can
do so much for him," said the sweet,
low voice of the fair girl.

"Why you, more than any other
nurse?"

"That, no one but he has a right to
ask," replied she, as she pointed to-
ward the face upon the pillow.

And then commenced the great bat-
tle for the mastery. Medical science
said the brave young fellow should
die. Close, careful and skilled nurs-
ing, backed up by youth and man-
hood that had never known any
ill, said he should not die. Every
thing, no matter how slight, was
watched by his friend, John Findlay,
who seemed to be always by the sick
man's bedside.

The fair nurse never left the bed-
side until Findlay went out for his
meals or to snatch a few moments of
sleep.

It is midnight, and the crisis is at
hand. The face upon the pillow is
livid. The blue lips are drawn back,
and the white teeth gleam in the
dashed light. By the side of the bed
sits the young student, Findlay, hold-
ing the feverish hand of his friend.
The tinkling of the fountain falls upon
his ears. The rattling of wheels
over the pavement comes from the
distance. The sleeve of the sick man's
robe is pushed back, and the arm
with the turgid veins is disclosed. The
small figure in hospital garb stands
with back turned to Findlay. A long,
lean finger produces from the vest
pocket something that glitters in the
light. A careful hand guides the ob-
ject to the thick part of the forearm,
and then—like a phantom, as quick
and as noiseless—a small figure leans
over the bed and pushes one slender
white hand between the instrument's
keen point and the bare arm. A pair
of black eyes are raised to the now
livid face of Findlay, and a pair of
lightly-drawn lips huskily whisper:

"Do it, coward! You dare not!"

The instrument is withdrawn, and
John Findlay leans back and begins to
push his lanky mustache out of sight.
Again, the figure of the nurse stand-
ing upright, and with arms folded
across the breast, and a pair of
searching eyes penetrate to the in-
nermost heart of the false friend.

The sick man stirs miserably, the lips
part, and upon the quiet air of the
room there falls softly, slowly:

"Friends—ever."

The nurse laid her cool hand upon
the forehead, and gave a sigh as of sa-
tisfaction. The brow was no longer
hot and feverish. It was cool to the
touch.

"Go, please; I can attend to him
now without your help," she said.

Findlay rose, gave one glance at
the sick man's face, and then left the
room, passing with his mustache in
the old, tireless manner.

Up in the Canadian woods, where
Henry Morse went with the fair girl
he married, he found health rapidly.
Once—only once—he asked her why
his friend Findlay had left him so
suddenly. His wife shrugged her
shoulders, and said nothing.

"I had an idea, dear, that he
forgot you."

"I did not fancy him."

"John is queer, but he and I are
to be friends ever."

But the two were destined never to
meet again upon this world—Good
Farewell.

Not Good at Farming.

It seems that as a nation we are not
good at farming. That we were be-
lieved to be so, and that we were
not, is a matter of fact. The
history of the farm, from the time
it was first settled, and the expert
makers of the article are French and
Spanish. It is said that when it was
first settled, a fair English noble to
the lady negotiates a year or two ago.
It took several farms to make it, and
a down account is had to be opened. Ne-
vertheless the master of the farm, the
company has been taking cheerfully
of the art and of the efforts the com-
pany is making to assist its practice
at home. Two exhibitions have been
held, and a third is under considera-
tion. Ten years ago the company did
itself the unusual honor of admitting
a woman, Lady (the) de Schreiber, to
membership—London Chronicle.

On the Contrary.

Chicago Man—To be perfectly can-
did, politics are rotten with us, and
I suppose they are with you.

Boston Man—On the contrary, poli-
tics are rotten with us, and I suppose
they are with you.

Among the cattle,
In a pond near Hampstead Heath,
In England, a crowd of spectators
watched a pair of swans defeat a dozen
cattle that had come down to wade
into the refreshing coolness. The
swans objected and as if by pre-con-
certed signal moved upon the cattle.
Men have had occasion to attest to
the power that is in a swan's wings.
They strike blows that not only have
force but a great deal of accuracy in
delivery. The birds charged directly
at the heads of the bullocks, slapping
right and left. The attack was furious.
Some attempt was made by the cattle
to resist, but inside of three minutes
they were in flight, half blinded by
the birds' wings. They made no ef-
fort to return, either, until the cow-
herd near by came and drove the birds
out.—Chicago Tribune.

Where Detects False Techniques.

The best test for rubies and emer-
alds, says Dr. Immanuel Friedlander
of Berlin, is microscopic examination.
Nearly every ruby and all emeralds
have many defects which are so char-
acteristic that the expert can recog-
nize them, and which cannot be pro-
duced in artificial stones. True emer-
alds have minute inclusions of liquids
and curious dendrites. Sapphires also
show peculiar netlike formations. A
magnifying power of 100 diameters
suffices to reveal the characteristic de-
fects. For diamonds a good test is
that of hardness. A genuine diamond
cannot be scratched by a file or by
quartz, and a ruby should stand a
similar test; but emerald is not much
harder than quartz, and cracks easily.
—Youth's Companion.

Frogs Do Not Swallow Water.

At a recent meeting of naturalists
at Chicago Mr. H. H. Donaldson de-
scribed experiments with frogs, tend-
ing to show that those animals rap-
idly absorb water through the pores
of the skin. He emphasized the fact
that frogs never take water by the
mouth. On being exposed for sev-
eral hours to dry air, the frogs ex-
perimented with lost 14 per cent of
their weight, but this was nearly all
regained within 24 hours when they
were placed in a dish containing wa-
ter only one centimeter in depth.
—Youth's Companion.

Billed Attraction.

Stranger (at restaurant, reading
from bill of fare)—Give me some
chicken croquettes.

Waiter—Very sorry, sir, but there
ain't none.

"Then give me oyster patties."

"Extremely sorry, sir, but we have
only roast beef, corned beef and
steamed beef to-day."

"But where are all these things
that I see on the bill of fare?"

"They're on the bill of fare, sir."
—Harlem Life.

Blister by Suggestion.

Hypnotic suggestion enables us to
control processes which are ordinari-
ly beyond the reach of the will. For
instance, blisters have been produced
in highly sensitive subjects by simply
touching the part with the finger or
some inert substance and suggesting
the presence of a strong irritant.
—Journal of Physical Therapeutics.

Proof.

Manager—You claim, sir, to have
every qualification of a first-rate ac-
tor. Can you give me any proof
of it?

Samuel de Shakespeare—Well, per-
haps I might mention the fact that
I am slightly deaf—the result of so
much applause, you know.—Harlem
Life.

A Spirited Illumination.

Stagger (coming in at two o'clock, a. m.)—Look out of this window, please,
and see the glorious aurora borealis.

Mrs. Stagger (waking out of a sound
sleep)—Window? That's a mirror you
are looking into, and the aurora you
see is your own badly decorated rum-
soaked mug.—Harlem Life.

Cruel Neighbor.

"George, that Mrs. Nextdoor is too
horrid for anything."

"What are the odds now?"

"Why, she said if our chickens ate
her flower seed she hoped they'd have
appendicitis."—Chicago Daily News.

Insanity in French Army.

A French specialist in mental dis-
eases has discovered that 188 out of
every 100,000 soldiers and sailors be-
come hopelessly lunatic. Among the
causes the average is but 65 per
cent.

Daring and Daring.

Women rush frantically to a wed-
ding, but when they return home they
say: "O, well, it was just like all the
others."—Atchison Globe.

Hard to Tell.

It is hard to tell whether those of
people appreciate a man the more—
Atchison Globe.

Queer Tax in France.

Doors and windows are taxed in
France. Last year \$8,301,882 doors
and windows were thus assessed.
French peasants, even some of those
that are comparatively well off, es-
cape from the window tax by build-
ing their houses without windows.
The light entering the interior of
their dwellings by the door.—N. Y.
World.

His Report.

Waiter (sincerely)—Yes, that's the
exact amount of your bill, but—
excuse me—you have forgotten the
water, sir.

Guest (sincerely)—Well, I didn't eat
the water, did I?—Puck.

THE
CLEANSING
AND HEALING
CURE FOR
CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm

Fast and pleasant to
use. Contains no in-
jurious drugs.
It is quickly ab-
sorbed, and
gives relief at once.
Treats and cures
the Nasal In-
flam-

WATER, inflammation, Head and Throat
the Membrane, Restores the Sense of Taste
and Smell. Large size, 50 cents at Druggists
or by mail, Trial size, 10 cents by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, 55 Warren St., N. Y.

Boots!

Calf Boots,
Kip Boots,
Grain Boots,
Felt Boots,
Wool Boots,
Rubber Boots,

at our usual moderate prices, at

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Everybody Knows About

Pain-Killer

A Safe and Sure Cure for
Croup, Coughs, Bruluses,
Diarrhoea, Colic, Burns,
Sprains and Strains.

Gives instant relief.
Two sizes, 25c. and 50c.

Only one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Broadway, 9th & 10th Sts.,
New York, July 24, 1899

Gentlemen:

Being associated for so many
years with the above firm and
being closely confined brought
on constipation. A package of
your Tablets has cured me and I
take great pleasure in recom-
mending them to those who are
affected in a similar way.

Yours truly,
C. W. Eastwood.

To the U. S. Army & NAVY

TABLET Co.,
17 East 14th St., N. Y. City.

10 and 25 cents per package, at
all druggists.

MICHAEL F. MURPHY,

Contractor

—AND—

BUILDER

OF MASON WORK.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Filling, Draining and all kinds of Job-
bing promptly attended to.

Orders left at

Calendar Avenue.

HAVING PURCHASED THE

Shop and Good Will

—OF—

Mr Lewis Skinner,

ON FERRY WHARF.

Should be pleased to notify the parties that
I shall carry on the business in connection
with my present stand on Commercial wharf

ALL HORSESHOEING

—AND—

JOBING

promptly attended to at either place

J. B. BACHELLER.

Fall River Line.

For New York, the South and West.
IN EFFECT JUNE 8, 1901.

Steamship FRANKLIN, and 18 other
days, 10 p. m. Sunday, 10 p. m. Monday,
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